

WARREN
MAGAZINE

WEIRD CHILDREN'S ISSUE!

CREEPY

CREEPY
#94

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SUGAR
AND SPICE &
HEARTS
COLD AS
ICE!



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12" x 16½"

1978

WARREN CALENDAR



FEATURING THE
WORLD'S FINEST
COMIC ARTISTS

Auraleon-Bermejo-
Corben-Duranona-
Gonzalez-Heath
Maroto-Ortiz-
Severin-Torrents-
Toth-Wrightson

Here it is! The biggest, best 1978 calendar ever... featuring 12 never-before-published black and white illustrations by the finest artists in comics... published in a giant 12" x 16½" spiral-bound format! Each illustration is framed by a glistening metallic border and, through a unique design, each month's calendar area has slings on the bottom inch of the page. The rest of this page is gleaming, pre-bordered graphic illustration... a work of art that can later be displayed. (At each month's end, you simply tear out this page, trim approximately an inch from the top and bottom of the print, and you'll have high-quality artwork, available for framing.)

This unique portfolio of illustrations features incredible works of fantasy, adventure, and horror. A grandiose drama by Aureleon; Bermejo's stool-jumped by Indiana Corben; what does it take to say? Duranona's Jerry Devil with a mechanical Sabatch; Maroto's Valentine and Ortalo; Heath's dramatic Beauty and the Beast; Maroto's aquatic Inquisition dungeon scene; Ortiz' battling Indians and a hero; Severin's Indian Death Song; Torrents' dueling Vikings in medieval costume; Toth's Moorish warrior with a conquered mandarin; Wrightson's dramatic death scene... and a cliff!

Here are 12 fabulous portfolio drawings by a renowned group of artists, that just happen to be a calendar... printed on high-quality stock using the heat-set methods available, carefully bound and very reasonably priced! 1978 WARREN CALENDAR #28026 \$9.95

12 NEVER - BEFORE - PUBLISHED
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CREEPY

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ETRAN TO FULSING Missions do not pass along every day, besides, Wyck was of age. A princess needed rescuing from an evil sorceret and Wyck was well prepared to do the deed, if he could ignore those bizarre visions!

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THE COMIC BOOKS Superman vs. Cosmos and . . . loses? The invincible defender of truth and justice has finally met his match and this is no comic book tale. It's a success story and a disaster epic all rolled into one.

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BACKWATERS & TIMING Tiny Ted had one simple ambition in life, to lend the biggest fish ever. When "Backwaters" promised to grant his wish, he was ecstatic with joy. But there was a catch which was no catch!

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Dear Uncle Creepy...

CREEPY #92 was an issue that, in contrast to what happens all too often in comics, more than lived up to its advance buildup. More than worth the extra four bits in price, it was an auspicious milestone on the magazine's way toward the century mark.

The opening tale, "A Toast to No Man's Memory," was a masterpiece on all counts! Len Wein's writing was clean and straightforward, with none of the gimmicks one encounters all the time these days. As for John Severin's art... well, words almost fail me. The amount of detail he put into the drawings is truly incredible. Even the elevators and elevators were always in correct position for each plane's altitude. How many artists would bother with such a minor detail?

Nor did the rest of the issue pale into insignificance. "Mrs. Sludge and the Pickled Octopus Raid" may have had an all-too-obvious ending, but Bill Dudley still made it fun getting there. Luis Bermejo, while not quite as to the standards of some of his recent work, was still more than adequate for the task.

Nick Cuti's "Instinct" made up for its slight case of familiarity—stories of this type were much more common in the Warren books back around 1971-72 than in recent years. By its good pacing and clever dialogue, its nostalgic value was heightened by the use of Rich Corben.

Well can I say about "Toward High Places," except to say it was another Bruce Jones tour-de-force? How this guy does it so consistently, I'll never know. The choice of Ramon Torrents was also perfect; He seems more at home in exotic settings such as this. Is "Contemporary, everyday locales" cramp his style?

Russ Heath's plot for "The Executioner" even with Gary Bates' dialogue, had a few holes in the logic. (Why didn't Don Morrison just send another hit man to shoot Tony Desono from ambush instead of concocting the plan he did?) There was no faulting Mr. Heath's art, though. If this was everything we have come to expect from him over the years...

"Godless in a Kingdom of Trolls" showed Gerry Boudreau writing in the Bill Dudley style, and doing very well with it. Of course, he had plenty of help from Esteban Merino.

"Everybody and His Sister" was the closest thing this issue had to a disappointment. Jim Steranko's story, while slight, had possibilities. But Leopoldo Sanchez' art just didn't take even half of them.

Things were much better with "The Generations of Noah." Whatever you do, keep that Roger McNamee/Lee Duran team together. They're great!

BRIAN CAIDEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

The art and stories for CREEPY #92 was by far your best ever! I would have bought the issue just for Corben and Heath but I have no desire to slight the other fine art inside.

My one question involves a story called "Instinct" by Cuti and Corben. It was a nice little tale, moody, with a gaggle of very interesting characters and a semi-comic ending, but it somehow seems different from stories either of them are doing today. Are they both trying out a new style or what?

NATHAN PHILLIPS
Holliday, Fla.

 The vintage look to the Cuti/Corben story, "Instinct," was no accident. It was, in fact, a never-before-published story, buried in our CREEPY Crypt for almost a decade... unearthed for you recently for the special issue!

My first thoughts about CREEPY #92 were of disappointment. Why? Well, first off, it was the cover! A beautiful Frank Frazetta effort, but still a reprint. I sincerely hope this doesn't continue much longer, and you find someone to replace Ken Kelly.

Secondly, I was bothered by the absence of a color story which would have really added to the overall quality of the issue. Thirdly, the little price-code box on the bottom of the cover was annoying. This isn't your fault, I realize, but it sure does mar the cover.

OK... now for the praise.

When I finished reading "Toast to No Man's Memory," I instantly thought, "This issue has the markings of a classic!" I was right! Len Wein was in top form with the "surprise-ending" tale, which had superbly effective art by John Severin.

"Mrs. Sludge and the Pickled Octopus Raid" was one of the cleverest stories I've read by Bill Dudley in a long time! An entertaining tale with especially good artwork by Luis Bermejo. Instantly, by Nick Cuti and Rich Corben was quite good.

"The Executioner," by Russ Heath and Gary Bates was another good story with an excellent twist to it.

"Godless in a Kingdom of Trolls" looked like a fantasy year at first, but Gerry Boudreau's art was a simple, truthful philosophy by yourself.

"Everybody and His Sister" was classic Steranko. A brilliant story through and through, with excellent art by Leopoldo Sanchez.

The last tale, "Generations of Noah," was one of Roger McNamee's more sophisticated tales, with many interesting concepts. Great art from Lee Duran, also.

The only trouble is, how are you going to top this issue when #100 comes around?

BRUCE McCORKINDALE
Omaha, Neb.

Picking up the latest issue of CREEPY, I was more than shocked to see the \$1.75 price. To compensate, it seems, the words "BEST," "BIGGEST," "MOST EXCITING" appear prominently on the cover, proclaiming the magazine to be some sort of "tongue-in-cheek."

Well, guys, big it was good. It's not so sure.

It was, as a whole, only so-so. The stories with the exception of two, used old, tired plots with little else to make for an exciting tale.

"Pickled Octopus Raid" by Bill Dudley was, perhaps, the most repulsive of an old theme I've seen better from Bill. The only redeeming quality of the story was that Bill has a fear for the bizarre.

"Instinct" by Nick Cuti has promise of creating a more macabre mood. The art, by Rich Corben, while not his best, was definitely well done.

"Executioner," by Russ Heath and Gary Bates, is a story I waited for after reading CREEPY or EERIE. What, May I ask, is it doing in this magazine? As a story, we all know well in advance that Tony was going to "get his" in the end, it was only a question of when and how. For a third time, the lack of an innovative approach killed the story through predictability.

Predictability is once more the culprit for "Goddess in a Kingdom of Trolls." Gerry Boudreau weaves a story that, while nicely detailed and containing a couple of good puns (*Gnome Man's Land*) really doesn't do much in the way of entertainment.

The highlight of the story was Esteban Merino's art. This man is brilliant!

A nice premise merits "The Generations of Noah," and a couple of good turns of the plot keeps the images flowing. However, we all know how this one's going to end, too.

I ask you, whatever happened to originality?

"Toast! To No Man's Memory," by Len Wein, was beautifully paced, narrated, and quite original up to a point; it seemed that he, too, was bitten with the desire to tell this neoclassic with a run of the mill ending. All in all, it was a good, strong effort—but lacking that one spark that would have made it great.

"Toward High Places," by Bruce Jones, who is far away the best writer Warren has, featured a good zinging Jones managed to outwit us, and offered a good, satisfying ending to one of the finest illustrated pieces in the entire mag. Ramon Torrents' realism is exceptional in quality and each page seemed to come to dazzling life.

"Everybody and His Sister," by Jim Steranko, almost stole the entire show, but it lacked a good reason, and thus, a satisfying conclusion.

ALAN R. CROSS
Anchorage, Alaska

I enjoyed CREEPY #92 without exception. The art was clearly exciting and the stories were fast-paced and varied. Give us more issues of this quality.

BEN SEGAL
Bengal, Maine

Both of the Summer Issues, 91 and 92, didn't have any color sections. Will you ever have a holiday color section again? If so when?

GREG LAMMERS
Hialeah, Florida

Yes, Greg, there will be a color section of the Christmas issue of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPI.

CREEPY #92 was, as the cover proclaimed, one of the best of all the issues to date. Oh, tale for tale and art for art I could probably pick out better stories in other issues but as a whole, it was just great! Had a cluster in the kit and a good variety.

My only negative comment was about the cover. I'd dare say something negative about the fantastic Jim Frazetta I'm crazy about his work but I would rather see good "new" art instead of incredible "old" art. Okay?

JEROME BARSCH
Shillington, Pa.

CREEPY #92 was one of the better issues I've read lately, not because of the stories, but the art. Rich Corben, John Severin, Ramon Torrents, Esteban Merino, Lee Duran, etc. all in one issue!

Firstly, a fantastic Frank Frazetta cover—reprint—but much as I like Frazetta covers, I'd rather see new ones.

The "Generations of Noah" was by far the best story in the issue. Roger McNamee produced a very well written tale.

"Goddess in a Kingdom of Trolls" was the best dream story this time around. Esteban Merino's art suited this delightful fantasy excellently. I loved Gerry Boudreau's handling of this type of tale. Can we see more like this one?

Daniel Gaynor's letter has me wondering about CREEPY's 200th issue. Can you give us a hint as to what you have planned?

BRIAN RECEVEUR
Prince Albert, Canada

No... but we promise you it will be the best CREEPY ever!

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

By Warren

"ZEPHER, THE DARK
WORLD OF FRESHING,
HAD FORBIDDEN THE
YOUNG PRINCESS
LEONNA AND HER
FATHER HAD SENT NOW
TO ALL KNIGHTS THAT
A GREAT REWARD
WOULD BE GIVEN FOR
HER RETURN."

HE'S SO YOUNG
MUST HE GO ON THIS
QUEST?

IF HE PASSES
TILL ANOTHER MISSION
COMES, HE MAY BE
TOO OLD.

"MY FATHER, THE KING OF
JAHANAH, IS RIGHT. I CANNOT
WAIT UNTIL I AM THE PROPER
AGE AND THEN EXPECT A QUEST
TO BE WAITING FOR ME."

YOUR PRISON IS
READY MY BOY ALLOW ME
TO BE YOUR AID AGAINST ALL
MANNER OF BEAST

"AND SO ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER MORNING
TO THE SOUNDS OF CROAKING FROGS AND
THE FLAPPING OF WHITE FEATHERED
WINGS, ZEPHER THE YOUNG, SOUGHT THE
PRINCESS OF BROOKSLAND. MY
FATHER'S SAGE ADVICE WORDS WHICH
HE HAD FORGOTTEN SINCE LONG AGO,
LINGERED UPON THE AIR..."

REMEMBER, ZEPHER, YOUR
IMAGINATION IS YOUR BEST
ALLY AGAINST THE FORCES OF
DARKNESS. USE IT WISELY.

OLD STRAW HAS
SERVED GRANDFATHER AND
YOU. I WILL SEE TO IT
THAT HE ALSO SERVES
MY SON.

HE'S SO
YOUNG

EGRAN GO FULSING

"WE TRAVELED ALL MORNING AND BY LATE AFTERNOON, WE CAME TO A NATURAL BRIDGE OF AVALISTER STONE WHICH WOULD UP TO US TO THE LAND OF THE QUEEN."

"FROM THE CHOPPY WAVES, GREAT SEA BEASTS REACHED TOWARD US BUT THEY WERE MERELY A DISTANT THREAT UNTIL..."



"THE PLENAIRE WAS THIS. IF I KILLED THE SHARK, THE BRIDGE WOULD COLLAPSE BUT TO LET IT LIVE WOULD ASSURE OUR ROOM BY ITS FANGS."



"THEN I RECALLED WHAT MY FATHER SAID... 'INABACTION...' AND I KNEW WHAT TO DO. A SINGLE SWORD THRUST WOULD SAVE US."



"LUCKILY STRAN'S COURAGE OVER-CAME HIS CONFINED PANIC AND HE CAME TO MY AIDE."

"THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ZADAR'S MINIONS. WE'VE NO CHANCE TO KILL THEM ALL. WE MUST OUTRUN THEM."

"THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. BUT THIS LOATHSOME ARMY IS EVERYWHERE."

"AS I APPROACHED THE MAGICIAN'S BAK PONCLE, A SLIPPER RAIN TURNOVER ME. THE AIR CARRIED THE FOUL STENCH OF BURNING FLESH."

"SUCH THREATS FROM ONE SO YOUNG AND PONY. YOUR IMAGINATION HAS CARRIED YOU FAR, ALL THE WAY TO THE EVIL'S DOORSTEP."



"...I COULD TELL THAT SHE HELD NO
CONFIDENCE IN MY ABILITY TO..."

EADAR,
YOU
MONSTER
I SIGHED
THAT
I-I-

OH, GOD! NOT
AGAIN!

"THIS WAS A PRETTY LITTLE
THING, SO I WAITED AND HER
GATE LEANED FOR RELEASE
BUT..."

GO AWAY! LEAVE
ME ALONE, THE GIRL
IS MINE! SHE IS MY
DAUGHTER AND YOU
CAN'T HAVE HER. YOU
CAN'T!"

I HAVE ABDUCTED
THE FAIR CHILD FOR RANSOM.
ONLY ITS PAYMENT OR MY
DEATH SHALL REUNITE HER.

"THE DISEASE HAS COME AGAIN, THE
DR. IN PEEVER, IT WAS NOT THE
MUSHROOMS DOING FOR I HAD KNOWN
SUCH L. PEEV'S BEFORE. I HAD TO ACT
QUICKLY BEFORE I WAS OVERCOME
AGAIN."

"...HAWAII WAS PERFECT!"

"PVE,
SORCERER?
SCOUNDREL!"

HOW KIND OF YOU
TO GIVE ME THE KEY
TO HER FREEDOM!"

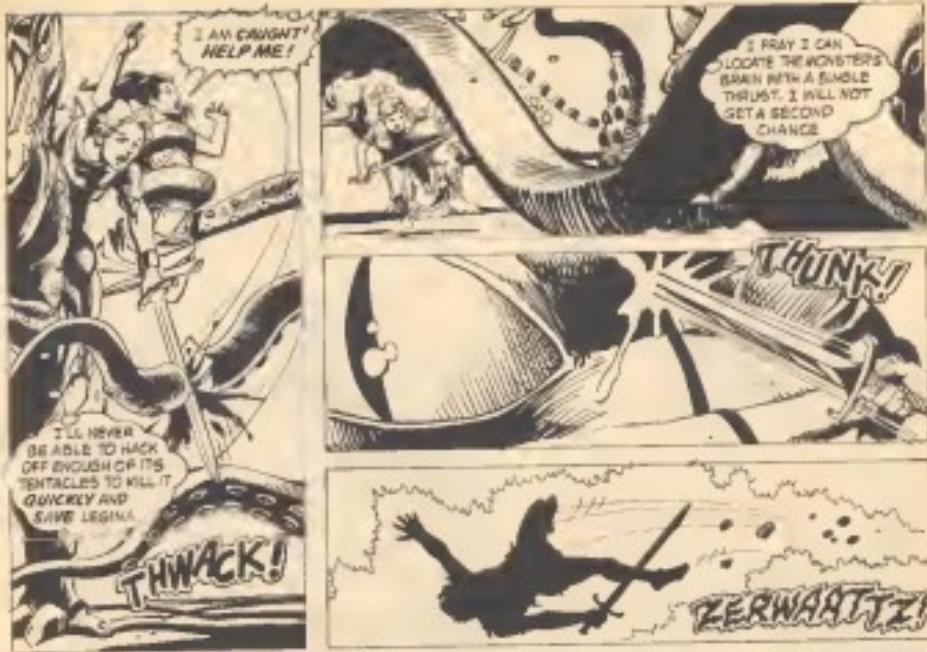
AAARRGH!



IT IS HORROR THAN EVER BEFORE. SO SHARP AND CLEAR AS IF IT WERE REAL. DAD SAID I SHOULDN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO BELIEVE IN THOSE SCENES. THE SCENES, WHICH ARE SENT BY ANOTHER WORLD, A WORLD OF HORROR CALLED EARTH."



"AS THE SORCERER DIED, THE FATHER ERUPTED INTO A SPLENDOR RAVING THE RELICATE PRISON THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A CANNON B-LL."





THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

There are thousands of them, 77,691 to be exact, and they are standing in the aisles and doubling up in the plastic seats and parking their bodies wherever there is space. They have come to this spanking new football stadium in the swamplands of New Jersey to cheer and to scream and to clap their hands like none have ever screamed, like none have ever clapped their hands before. These 77,691 people have ignored the rain in the morning. They have come despite the hot, muggy August afternoon and they are laughing at the ugly, black rain clouds that threaten their evening's entertainment. They have come to be fans and nothing will stop them. Not the rain or the heat or the clouds.

But these thousands are not here to see the New York Giants, the football team for which this stadium was erected last year, nor are they here to see any football team.

They are here to see soccer, a game so foreign only seven years ago that no American newspaper even bothered to have a soccer writer. Most of all, they are here to see the New York Cosmos, a team so boring only seven years ago that they once played a match in front of a paid crowd of seven people.

Down in the "good" seats, where the rich people and the sports writers sit, a man in the blue suit and tie is screaming with joy as the Cosmos score eight goals to beat the Fort Lauderdale Strikers. He is yelling with devotion and love and pride as the Cosmos won the first game of the North American Soccer League playoffs. Most of all, he is screaming and yelling to reporters.

"We made this," he bellows through a wide grin. "See all these people? They are all here because of us. We made the Cosmos. We made soccer in this country. All by ourselves." The man in the blue suit yells, "all by

ourselves we made soccer in America."

The man in the blue suit is not crazy. He is not a drunken man who has caught the press's fancy. He is a business executive, a high-level employee of Warner Communications, the company that owns the New York Cosmos. Most of all, he is telling the truth.

All by itself, Warner Communications made soccer a big business in this country.

Joe Brancatelli, an assignment for *People* magazine, is sitting three seats away from the Warner executive, dutifully writing down whatever he is saying. But I am wondering. Wondering why this is not another one and another place and wondering why I am not Joe Brancatelli, comic-book columnist. Most of all, I am wondering why this Warner executive is not on a stage in some hotel ballroom during some comic convention telling hundreds of kids and fans that "Warner Communications made comic books."

The company that eventually became Warner Communications bought DC Comics a decade ago at the height of its printing and earning power. Warner shelled out millions for the family-owned company, then the unquestioned comic-book leader, and even put DC honcho Jack Liebowitz on the Warner board of directors. Batman, a DC character, was on television, in books, in newspaper strips and was selling a million copies a month of both *Batman* and *Detecive* comic books. The rest of DC's comic-book line was basking in the reflected glory (and profitability) of Batman—and so was the comic-book industry in general. It was at its healthiest level in more than two decades with ten companies publishing comics, Marvel and Archie characters in television cartoons and more to follow.

Warner, for whatever the reason, ignored DC and the

comic-book industry. It took whatever profits it could on the Batman craze and ran when the bubble burst. Even though it was the only really powerful conglomerate in the business, it ran away. It let DC fall apart, despite all that the Warner companies could have done, and it let the industry fall apart. Both are as such disappear today that neither may ever be able to put the pieces back together again.

On the other hand, Warner's forerunner bought the Cosmos in 1971 for exactly \$10,000. The Cosmos themselves were in a shambles, playing their games for non-existent crowds in dilapidated old Downing Stadium on New York's Randall's Island.

Superman versus Soccer

The North American Soccer League (NASL) as a whole was worth, perhaps, \$100,000 and was in imminent danger of forever disappearing off the face of the earth.

Warner, for whatever the reason, spent millions on the Cosmos. It moved them to Yankee Stadium and, when that didn't work, took them to the New Jersey Meadowlands Sports Complex and Giants Stadium. It spent \$5 million to hire soccer's greatest name, Pele, from Brazil to the Cosmos. When Pele wasn't enough, they spent millions more on Giorgio Chinaglia, Italy's greatest soccer player and most prolific scorer. When Pele and Chinaglia weren't enough, they literally stole West German Franz Beckenbauer, who was universally recognized as the world's greatest player, and paid him millions to jump his German contract and come to the Cosmos.

There is no doubt that soccer, once a strictly

foreign madness—is now a big-money American sport that will soon be vying for the lion's share of the American sports dollar. The Cosmos are worth at least \$5 million today—if they were for sale—and could be worth \$10 million by the turn of the decade. The team, some say, may be the most valuable sports property in the world.

There is also no doubt that Warner, all by itself, has made soccer an American pastime. Perhaps a half-million Americans now play the game. Five years ago only a handful of kids even knew what a soccer ball looked like. And there is also no doubt that Warner, an \$800-million entertainment conglomerate with immense power in the recording, motion picture, television and publishing industries, now has a foothold in sports, a key facet of the expanding leisure-time business.

But what of comic books, the industry Warner bought into at the zenith of its modern-day influence and then helped destroy by its defacement? An industry born, bred and developed in America? An industry that could surely be as profitable as soccer if Warner wanted it to be, if it had spent as much time and money on Superman and Batman and Captain Marvel as it has spent on Pele and Chinaglia and Beckenbauer?

If you care at all about comics, you have to wonder why Warner muscled into the comic-book industry and then let it die. You have to wonder why it bought the world's greatest soccer players, but left the comics to god knows how many hapless, facilities corporate gremlins.

Most of all, you have to wonder—as I did that August night in the New Jersey swamps—why Warner pumped up soccer and ignored the comics, one of the few truly American contributions to the world's culture.



BAD TOMMY

STORY: ROGER MCKENZIE AND NICOLA CUTI/ART: MARTIN SALVADOR









THAT'S WHEN HE BEGAN TO "CAMPBELL"

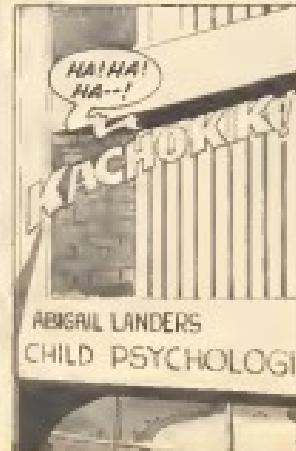


"THEN A NEW FAMILY MOVED IN UP THE BLOCK AND I MADE A NEW FRIEND. HER NAME WAS MARCY..."



"HE KILLED HER, MISS ASBIE... I SNOKE! HE DON'T CARE ABOUT MARY! HE JUST NANTED ME BLAMED FOR WHAT HE DID! THEY ALL THOUGHT THAT I...!"





I FIRST SAW HER DURING A SUMMER BREAK IN MY FRESHMAN YEAR AT ANDY SCHOOL. I WAS HIKING IN THE CONNECTICUT WOODS SURROUNDING THE INSTITUTE WHERE MY FATHER WAS WORKING SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN. QUITE BY ACCIDENT, I NOTICED HER SITTING ALONE BEHIND THE TRAIL, HEAD BOWED AS IF IN PRAYER OR MEDITATION. SHE WAS DESTINED TO BECOME THE OBSESSION OF MY LIFE. HER NAME WAS...

Ada

DON'T EXCUSE ME,
I DON'T SEE YOU
HERE. MY NAME'S
ALAN COBURN.

SHE WAS STARTLED BY MY
SUDDEN APPEARANCE. WITHOUT
A WORD, SHE JUMPED TO
HER FEET AND DISAPPEARED
INTO THE SURROUNDING TREES.

WHAT WAS
THAT? ALL ABOUT?
SHE MUST BE FIFTY
YEARS OLD, BUT
RUNS LIKE
A DEER!

CURIOUS, I RETURNED FEW
SEVERAL TIMES, BUT PIP NOT
SEE ME THAT SUMMER. IT
WAS FIVE YEARS BEFORE
I MET ADA AGAIN...

HOLD ON!
YOU CAN'T
RUN AWAY FROM
ME THIS TIME!

SHE'S NOT AS
OLD AS I THOUGHT
SHE WAS...

SHE WAS THE MOST TIMID WOMAN
I'D EVER MET, AND HAD A STRANGE
GIRLISH PERSONALITY THAT WAS
CURIOUSLY APPEALING...

YOU'RE REALLY THE
SON OF DOCTOR COBURN?
I'M... WAS... ONE OF
HIS PATIENTS.

HE NEVER
TOLD ME... BUT
THEN, WHY
SHOULD HE?

SHE SEEMED SAD... TROUBLED... AND I WAS ATTRACTED TO HER IMMEDIATELY.

BUT I NEVER LEAVE THE GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTE.

YOU FORGET... I'M A DOCTOR, TOO, AND MY PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU IS TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT IN THE CITY.

IN RETROSPECT, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR HAVING FEELS... BUT I WAS YOUNG AND SHE SEEMED SO LONELY. SOMEHOW, DURING THE TWENTY MALE RIDE TO BRIDGEPORT, I FELL IN LOVE WITH ADA.

YOUR FATHER WOULD NOT APPROVE OF THIS, YOUNG DOCTOR CORNELL, BUT I'M ENJOYING IT VERY MUCH.

SHE WAS PLEASANT AND CASUAL UNTIL I BEGAN ASKING PERSONAL QUESTIONS, SO I LEARNED LITTLE ABOUT HER AND TALKED MUCH ABOUT MYSELF...

AND I AM VERY PROUD OF MY FATHER'S ACHIEVEMENTS AT THE INSTITUTE.

WHAT? YOU'VE NEVER SEEN Greta Garbo? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WELL, GO RIGHT--

BUT WHY HAVEN'T I SEEN HER THERE?

THEY'RE ONLY A BUNCH OF KIDS HORNING AROUND. COME ON!

ALAH... THE LITTLE ONE! IT'S--

SHE INTUITED ME... FASCINATED ME AS NO WOMAN HAD BEFORE! WHATEVER HER TRUE AGE, SHE WAS AS INNOCENT AS A CHILD, AND I WANTED TO SHOW HER EVERY MARVEL THE WORLD HAD TO OFFER.

NO! NO, ALAH! THOSE PEOPLE... THEY FRIGHTEN ME!

DOC HAMMIE ER

SCREEEEECH!



I NEEDED HELP TO RETURN HER TO THE INSTITUTE. SHE WAS MYSTICAL UNTIL SEPARATED, AND MY FATHER, AFTER THE CRISIS HAD PASSED, WAS ALMOST IN A STATE OF MYSTERY HIMSELF.



HE LUSHERED ME INTO HIS STUDY AND CLOSED THE DOOR. HE SAT BEHIND HIS DESK WITH A HEAVY SIGH, AND I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE A PROFOUND AND COMPLEX STORY.



HE WAS A REMARKABLE SCIENTIST WHO GATHERED MANY LOYAL YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENTS, INCLUDING MYSELF, INTO A CLOSE-KNIT ORGANIZATION DEDICATED EXCLUSIVELY TO GENETIC RESEARCH.



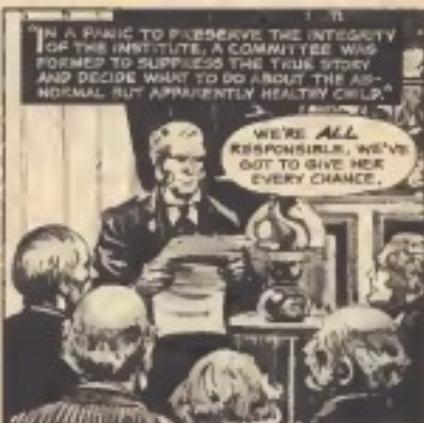
UNKNOWN EVEN TO US, HE REVOLVED A FORMULA TO PROMOTE CELLULAR REGENERATION, AND TREATED HIS SERIOUSLY ILL WIFE. REPORTS A SINGLE LABORATORY TEST WAS MADE.

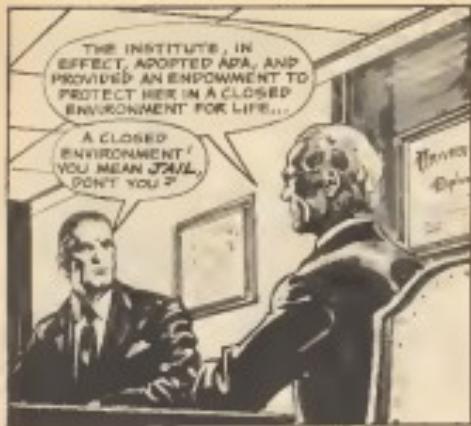


SHE NOT ONLY RECOVERED, BUT SOON SEEMED TO RADIATE VITALITY IN THE OPINION OF ALL OF US WHO SAW HER BEFORE THE BIRTH...

BUT IT WAS A DIFFICULT CESAREAN DELIVERY, AND ADAM'S MOTHER DID NOT SURVIVE THE OPERATION.







DAZED BY MY FATHER'S REVELATIONS, STILL UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE VERACITY OF HIS FANTASTIC STORY, A MORE URGENT SHOCK WAS STILL TO COME...



SO MY FIRST OCCUPATION AFTER EARNING MY MEDICAL DEGREE WAS TO BECOME A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...



SO FOR A TIME I WAS ALLOWED TO SEE APA FREQUENTLY, AND SHE CAME TO ACCEPT HIS PATH. BUT OUR LOVE THAT HAD FLOURISHED FOR SO BRIEF A TIME COULD NEVER BE THE SAME....

I LOVE HER
MORE THAN EVER...
BUT MARRIAGE
IS OUT OF THE
QUESTION...

ON THE
WESTERN FRONT,
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
ANNOUNCED THIS
MORNING THAT
THE ALLIES HAVE
ADVANCED—

DON'T LOOK
SO GRIM, DOCTOR.
IT'S GOOD NEWS. THE
WAR'S ALMOST OVER.

SHE APPEARED
YOUNGER AND
MORE BEAUTIFUL
WITH EACH PASSING
SEASON...BUT
IT WAS ONLY AN
OUTWARD ILLUSION.

CAREFUL,
DEAR...

SHE LOOKS
SO HEALTHY NOW...
BUT I MUST REMEMBER
HOW FRAIL SHE
TRULY IS...

THE GRADUAL LACKLUSTER OF HER FAILING EYES
AND WEAK, ARTHRITIC MANNER OF HER MOVEMENTS BETRAYED HER TRUE AGE...

The Tribune
MILLIONS MOURN
PRESIDENT KENNEDY

APA'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE WAS AT
MY FATHER'S FUNERAL, AFTER WHICH
I MADE PLANS TO LEAVE THE INSTITUTE
PERMANENTLY.

I
LOVED
HIM
TOO.

I COULD NOT BEAR TO WATCH THE FINAL GROTESQUE
STAGE OF HER LIFE... MY PARTING WORDS TO HER
WERE A LIE.

I'LL ONLY BE
GONE FOR A SHORT
TIME, APA.

WELL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF
HER, DOCTOR.

IT WILL ONLY
BE A SHORT TIME,
DOCTOR COUBRIN,
YOU'RE WELCOMING.

THOSE PARTING WORDS HAUNTED ME, AND ALMOST PERSUDED ME TO CHANGE MY PLANS AT THE LAST MOMENT.

... BUT I'VE ALREADY STAYED TOO LONG.



MY NEW PRACTICE IN NEW YORK WAS CHALLENGING, BUT I COULD NOT GET ADA OUT OF MY MIND. I WAS GROWING BY REGRET AND BITTERNESS!

THERE NEVER WAS ANYONE ELSE, AND WEVE BOTH SUFFERED, WATCHING OURSELVES GROW APART AT SUCH FRIGHTENING SPEED!



NEVERTHELESS, I STAYED AWAY FOR TWO LONG YEARS, UNTIL SHE HURT HERSELF IN A FALL, AND BEGGED ME TO RETURN,

I'VE MISSED YOU SO MUCH, DOCTOR COBURN.

I'M BACK TO STAY, ADA.

HOW COULD I HAVE LEFT HER? NOW, WHEN SHE NEEDS ME MOST.



I VISITED OFTEN, CALLED EVERY DAY. I MANAGED SOMEHOW TO RELATE TO HER BY IGNORING HER PHYSICAL REGRESSION TO INFANCY.

BIG MORNING, ADA. I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE.

DA MORNING, PATRICK COBURN...



IS'N IT A LUVLY DAY TADAY, OL' FRIEND?

JUST LOVELY, ADA. JUST AS LOVELY AS CAN BE.



MONTHS AFTER ADA'S DEATH, HER FATHER'S CRIMINAL NOTES WERE DISCOVERED IN HIS FAMILY'S PERSONAL EFFECTS. BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE INSTITUTE, THEY WERE DESTROYED.

ADA
1908-1975
SHE WAS UNIQUE



BESSIE

FISHING AND MOURNING THAT'S WHAT KIND OF A DAY IT WAS WHEN THEY FISHED DOWN BRAPLEE, NINE SEVENTEEN, OUT OF MILBURY'S RIVER. THE MID-MORNING SUN SHINES ACROSS THE SKY LIKE MELTED BUTTER.

THE BOY'S MOTHER REPORTED HIM MISSING LAST NIGHT HE WENT TO A PARTY NEVER RETURNED. THIS IS HOW WE FOUND HIM.

HE WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD WITH A BLUNT INSTRUMENT DEAD BEFORE HE WAS THROWN IN THE WATER.



"NOBODY SHOULD DIE ON A DAY LIKE THIS. IT'S SO HOT!" THOUGHT ONE OF THE MEN WHO HELPED CARRY THE BODY ASHORE. BUT SOMEBODY HAD TO DIE. THAT DUMB BRAPLEE KID WENT AND GOT HIMSELF DROWNED AND MADE A BAD DAY EVEN WORSE.



ELSEWHERE, IN THE KITCHEN OF ELIZABETH CROSS, BREAKFAST SMELLED SO GOOD IT WAS ALMOST DINNER. POTCAKES, BACON, MAPLE SLICELY-BURNED TOAST, COFFEE.



THERE WAS NO BESSIE. ONLY A WILD SUMMER BREEZE THAT GENTLY STARED THE CURTAINS AT AN OPEN WINDOW.

I CAME HERE TO REPORT A MISSING CHILD. WHY AM I BEING REFERRED TO HOMICIDE?

A BOY WAS KILLED IN YOUR VICINITY LAST NIGHT. NOW YOUR DAUGHTER DISAPPEARS. MAYBE SHE WITNESSED THE CRIME. MAYBE THE KILLER SAW HER. SHE MAY BE OUT THERE HIDING FOR HER LIFE.

HOMICIDE DIVISION
DETECTIVE G. MURPHY

I DOUBT IT. BESSIE DOESN'T SPEAK WITH MANY PEOPLE. SHE RARELY GOES OUT OF THE HOUSE. I PERSONALLY FELT IT WAS JUST AS WELL.

BESSIE IS AN EMOTIONAL CHILD. VERY BRIGHT, BUT SHE'S BEEN UNDER PSYCHOTHERAPY SINCE SHE WAS EIGHT. SHORTLY AFTER HER FATHER DESERTED HER...

IF BESSIE IS DISTURBED, THAT OPENS UP A WHOLE OTHER REALM OF POSSIBILITY.

WE'VE KNOWN FOR A LONG TIME THAT THIS COULD HAPPEN. BUT BESSIE'S ALL I'VE GOT. IF I LOSE HER, I'LL DIE!

DR. EDWARD HUGHES, BALDWIN CLINIC, CLARKSON COUNTY. HIS NUMBERS ON THIS CARD. AND HERE'S A PHOTO OF BESSIE, TAKEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO. UNFORTUNATELY IT'S THE MOST RECENT PHOTO I HAVE.

ER THANKS.

I NEED THE NAME OF THE PSYCHIATRIST WHO'S TREATING HER. I CAN'T ROTATE HIS PROFESSIONAL CONFIDENCE BUT THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT BESSIE I MUST KNOW.

SHE REALLY ISN'T A BAD LOOKING WOMAN, THOUGHT THE DETECTIVE. AS ELIZABETH CROSS WALKED OUT OF HIS OFFICE, HE THOUGHT HE'D BETTER GET A COFFEE. HE'D ASK HER OUT TO DINNER.

THIS IS MURPH. WHAT TIME DOES MURKES GO ON DUTY? FINE, LEAVE A MESSAGE. TELL HIM I WILL BE BY LATER TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT BESSIE CROSS.

AN ATB WAS PUT OUT ON BESSIE CROSS. MURPHY SWEATING LIKE A SPRINKLER, HOPEFUL TO ESTABLISH A LINK BETWEEN BESSIE AND SAMIE BRADLEY. HE'D START WITH THE BOY'S PARENTS.

BESSIE REMEMBERED: THE BOY WAS AFRAID TO GO HOME AFTER THE PARTY. DIDN'T WANT HIS PARENTS TO KNOW HE WAS DRUNK. HE WENT FOR A LONG WALK BY THE RIVER WHICH IS WHERE SHE MET HIM.



THIS IS THE DAY SHE HAD WAITED FOR.

BESSIE REVERBERATED WITH HORROR. AS HE LOOKED IN THE SOFT MOONLIGHT, IS HE COMING TOWARDS HER. SUDDENLY HE LAUGHED, SLURRED HIS WORDS OVER HIS MOUTH, STAGGERED A FEW FEET AND RUSHED BACK HOME.



BESSIE REMEMBERED: TELETHON, HUMILIATION, DISGRACE. BESSIE REMEMBERED: THERE WAS A LOOSE STONE NEAR WHERE SHE TELL WHERE SHE PUSHED HER.

BESSIE REMEMBERED: EXHAUSTED, SWEATY, SHE DRAGGED THE LAUGHING JOEY TO THE RIVER'S EDGE AND SAW IT WASHED AWAY BY THE COLD STEEL CURRENT.



MEANWHILE

TELL ME SOMETHING, DETECTIVE MURPHY, WHAT DOES JAMES'S DEATH MEAN TO YOU?

IT MEANS MORE NIGHTS WITHOUT SLEEP, A LOT OF BRIER WORK, AND A FEW EXTRA BOTTLES OF MAALOX. BUT IT'S WORTH IT, BECAUSE I'M ANSWERED BY A WHOLE TOWNSHIP OF PEOPLE.



DID YOU EVER HEAR JAIME BENITO, A GIRL NAMED BESSIE CROSS?



NEVER. MY SON WAS A GOOD BOY, HONOR STUDENT, DIDN'T DRINK, DIDN'T SMOKE—NOT EVEN A CIGARETTE—and didn't chase after girls.

HE'D HAVE GROWN UP TO BE EVERYTHING I'M NOT.

THAT WAS HIS DEATH EVEN MORE BASIC, THOUGHT MURPHY.



MURPHY HOPPED IN HIS CAR AND RODE OUT, BUT THERE WAS NO POINT IN TELLING HER SO NOW. SOONER OR LATER HE'D GET A RESULT OF HIS OWN. HE'D TALK TO OTHER MOTHERS. MARY ANN, HE'D TALK TO MARY ANN. HE'D TALK TO MARY ANN.

BESSIE REMEMBERED MARY, MOST OF IT THOUGHT TO HER BY HER DADDY BEFORE HER WIFE, DESERTING HER COMPLETELY. THERE WAS NOTHING HE ENJOINED MORE AFTER A FEW ROUNDS IN THE LOCAL PUB THAN COMING HOME TO TORMENT HIS CONFUSED MARYANN.



ONLY MARY AND DR. HUGHES KNOW ALL THE THINGS HE'D DONE TO HER AND HOW THOSE THINGS MADE HER FEEL.

BESSIE REMEMBERED AS A INFANT SHE HAD DIFFICULTY WITH THE SIMPLEST MOTOR SKILLS, AND YET INTELLECTUALLY SHE WAS A PRODIGY, CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING EVEN ABSTRACT CONCEPTS.

BUT HER EMOTIONAL STRENGTH DID NOT KEEP PARCE WITH HER GENIUS, AND THE DESERTION OF HER FATHER--IS BILLY AS HE TREATED HER--WAS THE ULTIMATE ANESTHESIA.



BESSIE REMEMBERED MAMA, TRYING TO OVERCOME--
PROMISE FOR THE INJUSTICES HER HUSBAND HAD
INFECTED UPON BESSIE, PROTECTING, INTERFERING,
ADDING FUEL.

THEN BESSIE STOPPED REVIEWING FOR A
WHILE. SHE HAD OTHER THINGS TO DO.



INSTEAD SHE COULD SEE THE FILMO CABINETS CONTAINING THE RECORDS, MOTION REPORTS AND
TAPES ABOUT MARY, ABOUT HOW MUCH SHE
MADE.



BESSIE KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO
SAFETY THEM.

FROM THE WOODS BEHIND THE BALDWIN CLINE, BESSIE COULD SEE DR HUGHES' OFFICE CLEARLY. THAT'S NOT HIM! SHE THOUGHT. WHEN SHE SAW THE STRANGER WALK, WHERE WAS HE? PERHAPS TELLING THE GUIDE EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT HER?



SHE COULDN'T ALLOW THAT

THERE WAS NO HURRY. BESSIE HAD NO BETTER PLACE TO SPEND THE
AFTERNOON. SHE WOULD STRETCH OUT IN THE TALL WHEAT STRAW
CHAIR.



AND WATCH FOR DR HUGHES RETURN.

GEOGE MURPHY REALLY DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO GO ON. IN FACT, SO LITTLE IT WAS DEPRESSING. SO FAR, HE'D FAILED TO ESTABLISH A CONNECTION BETWEEN BESSIE CROSS AND JAMES EARL RAY.

HE HAD NOTHING EXCEPT ELIZ. BETTY'S DESCRIPTION OF BESSIE, AND AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.



THAT'S OUR IMPRINT, ALL RIGHT. WE HAVEN'T USED THAT KIND OF PAPER IN YEARS. I GUESS THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO MIGHT REMEMBER IT IS DR. STOKE. HE'S IN THE DARKROOM.



ON AN IMPULSE, HE RODE OUT TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIA STUDIO. HE WAITED A SECOND OPINION OF BESSIE FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD ACTUALLY SEEN HER, AND BESSIE DR. RUSHES WOULDN'T BE BACK AT THE CLINIC FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR SO.



SURE, I REMEMBER BESSIE CROSS. AIN'T AN EASY KID TO FORGET. MY LITTLE BRAT! I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY HER MOTHER RAN OFF, ANYWAY. I COULDN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT DATE, BUT IT'S BEEN AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS SINCE THAT PICTURE WAS TAKEN.



LATER, OVER TWO CUPS OF COFFEE AND A HOT BASTARDIN SANDWICH, MURPHY PONDERED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF IT ALL. HE PUT A QUARTER IN THE JUKE BOX, FLIRTED WITH THE WAITRESS AND MANAGED TO KILL THE REMAINDER OF AN HOUR.



THEN HE SET OUT TOWARD THE DIVING

FOR OVER AN HOUR
BESSIE SIT STILL AS
A STONE, IN THE WILD-
BRUSH BEHIND THE
CLINIC. WATCHING
BUTTERFLIES GROW
AND LETTING THE SUN-
SHINE WARMER
BACK SHE SAW THE
RED HELP--INCLUDING
HUGHES SUBSTITUTE
--WALK OUT AND
THE NIGHT HELP
FILTER IN.



NO HUGHES

REPORT: 27-X
SUBJECT: Bessie Cross

Bessie seemed to be making progress. I was hopeful she'd soon resume a normal life. But at 16, she became pregnant by a boyfriend. They never married; he was killed in the service three months later.



IT ENDED IN HORROR--
WORSE, THE DOCTOR TOLD HER
SHE WAS INCAPABLE OF HAVING
DISEASE CHILDREN. THIS WAS
THE ULTIMATE REJECTION--
A CHILD REFUSING TO BE
BORN AND DENYING HER
RIGHTFUL MOTHERHOOD--
AND WAS BESSIE'S FINAL
BREAK WITH NORMALITY.



THE REALIZATION THAT DR. HUGHES' OFFICE WAS
EMPTY CAME UPON BESSIE SO SUDDENLY IT
STARTLED HER. HUMILITY SEEMED WHAT IT WAS.
THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT FORSOOK TO CLOSE
THE WINDOW.

THE FILES WERE THERE FOR THE X-RAYING.



BESSIE SCRABBLED OVER THE WINDOW LEDGE, LEAVING THAT
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLINIC.

MR. HUGHES,

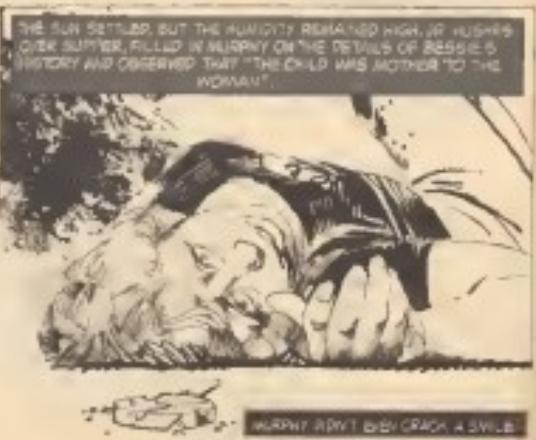
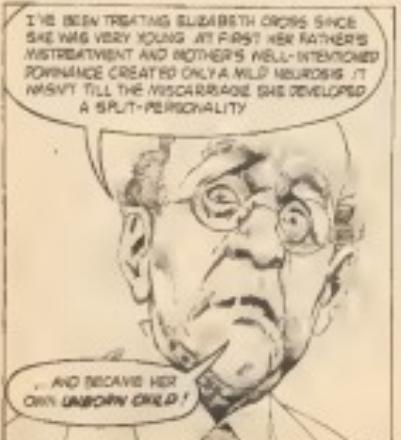
ALL YOUR MESSAGES ARE
ON THE RECEPTIONIST'S DESK
AND THERE'S A DETECTIVE MURPHY
COMING TO SEE YOU. SOMETHING
ABOUT BESSIE CROSS.



WHAT SHE DID WAS TO CREATE A CHILD IN HER
MIND, AN IMMATURE DAUGHTER. ELIZABETH'S OWN
CHILDHOOD BECAME THE MODEL FOR "BESSIE", A RE-
FLECTION OF HER OWN, SICK, TORTURED SELF.

"BESSIE" BECAME SO REAL ELIZABETH DRESSED UP IN YOUTH-
FUL FASHIONS AND METED OUT HER PUNITIVE AS ELIZABETH,
SHE WAS A CONCERNED, PARENTAL MOTHER--AS BESSIE SHE HAD
THE DAUGHTER SHE NEVER HAD. SHE LITERALLY LED TWO
SEPARATE, DISTINCT LIVES.





PROLOGUE



FOREVER... HAHAHA...
THINGS DON'T QUITE WORK
OUT THAT WAY, DID THEY?
WES?

SKREEE!

WE HAD A DEAL...
ALL OF US. A FACT
BURNED IN BLOOD. DO YOU
REMEMBER, WES?

KLEK!
KLEK!

HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN? HOW
MANY? WE WERE ONLY KIDS PLAYING
FORBIDDEN GAMES IN A CLUBHOUSE...

"ETERNAL YOUTH. SOUNDED GOOD AT
FIRST, DONT IT, WES?"

O-RAMEN... "CHOKER"...

I DON'T THINK I
CAN.

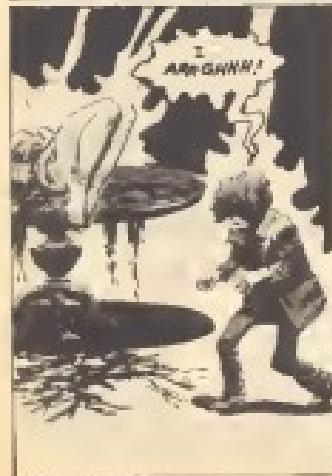
SURE YOU CAN, LEWIS.
YOU HAVE TO. HERE'S
THE KNIFE!

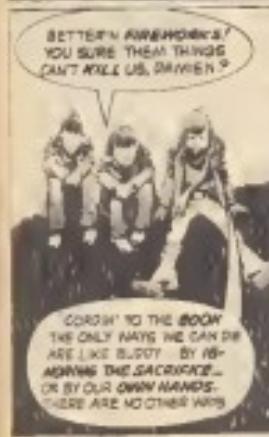
SACRIFICE

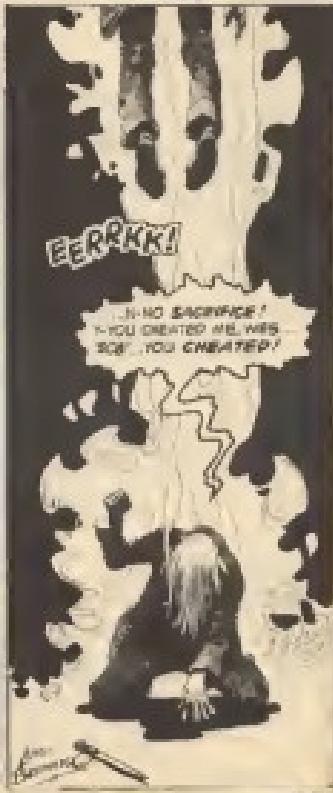












ONE GOOD
YANK... AND...



BACKWATERS AND TIMING CIRCLE



- * CATCH A PIECE OF HISTORY! EXCITING
- * TRAVEL TO THE BACKWATERS WHERE GAME FISHING BECOMES A BIG GAME EXPEDITION
- * BROUGHT TO YOU BY "TIMING CIRCLE INC."

FUNNY... I DON'T EVER REMEMBER SEEIN' THIS MAGAZINE ON THE RACKS AT THE DRUGSTORE. I WONDER... PERFEKTLY DRY! ???

WH-WHU-WHU-MHU-MHU-

MHDOLY...

STORY BUDD LEWIS ART ALEX NINO

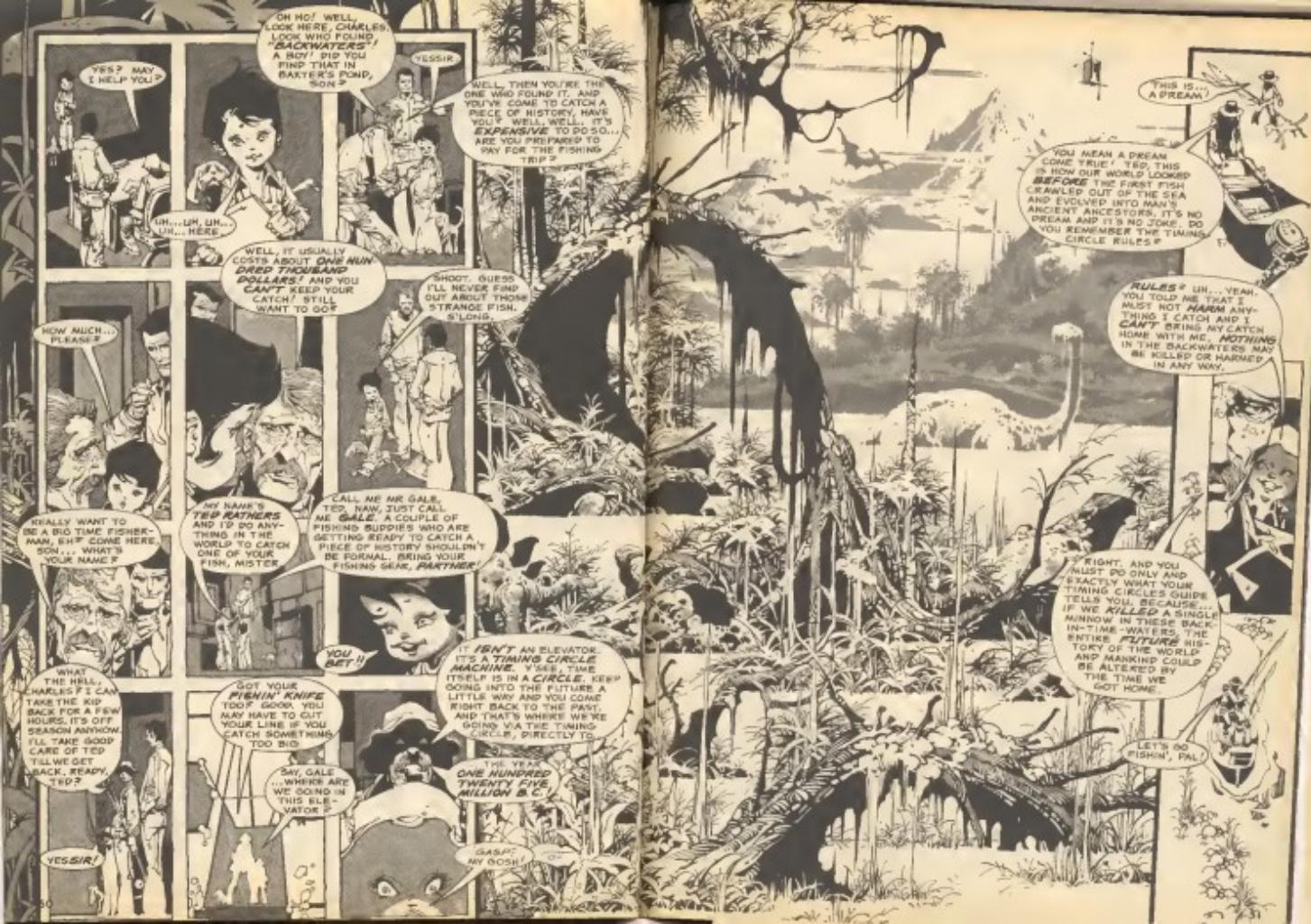
I PUFF PANT
I GOTTA READ THIS!
GOTTA SEE PUFF
PANT: WHAT
THIS IS

CALL OR PROP BY.
THERE'S A TIMING
CIRCLE IN THE SOURCE
IN YOUR HOME TOWN
CATCH A PIECE OF
HISTORY!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
THERE WAS ONE IN MY
OWN HOME TOWN. WONDER
WHAT I NEVER NOTICED IT
BEFORE. IT LOOKS
KINDA CRAPPY.

H-H-Hello?

TIMING
CIRCLE



(A dream)

YOU MEAN A DREAM
COME TRUE? TED, THIS
IS HOW OUR WORLD LOOKED
BEFORE THE FIRST FISH
CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA
AND EVOLVED INTO MAN'S
ANCIENT ANCESTORS. IT'S NO
DREAM AND IT'S NO JOKE, DO
YOU REMEMBER THE TIMING
CIRCLE RULES?

MALIBU? UH... YEAH.
YOU TOLD ME THAT I
MUST NOT HARM ANYTHING
I CATCH AND I
CAN'T BRING MY CATCH
HOME WITH ME. NOTHING
IN THE BACKWATERS MAY
BE KILLED OR HARMED
IN ANY WAY.

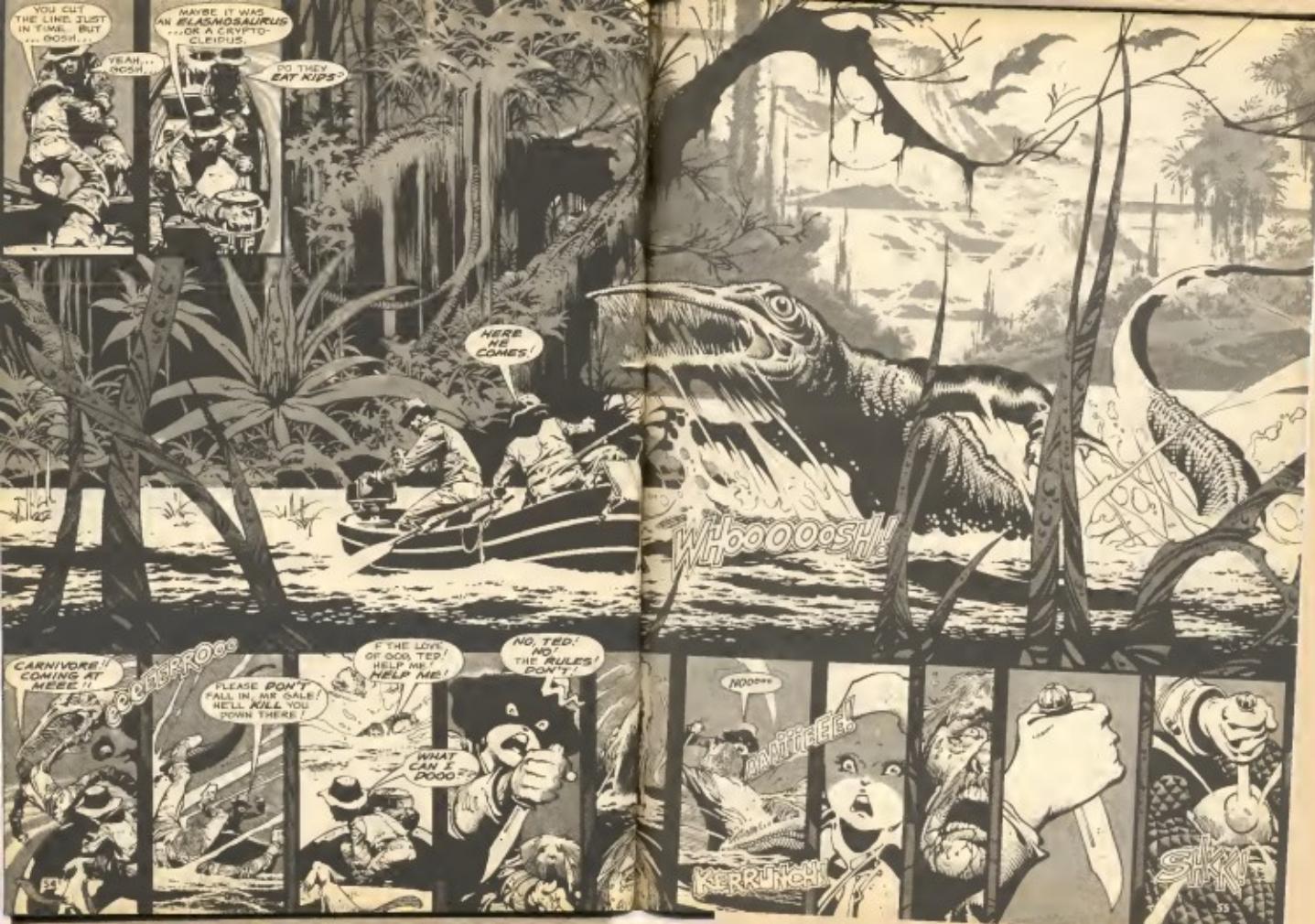
RIGHT. AND YOU
MUST DO ONLY AND
EXACTLY WHAT YOUR
TIMING CIRCLE'S GUIDE
TELLS YOU, BECAUSE...
IF WE KILLED A SINGLE
MINNOW IN THESE BACK-
IN-TIME-WATERS, THE
ENTIRE *FUTURE* HIS-
TORY OF THE WORLD
AND MANKIND COULD
BE ALTERED BY
THE TIME WE
GOT HOME.

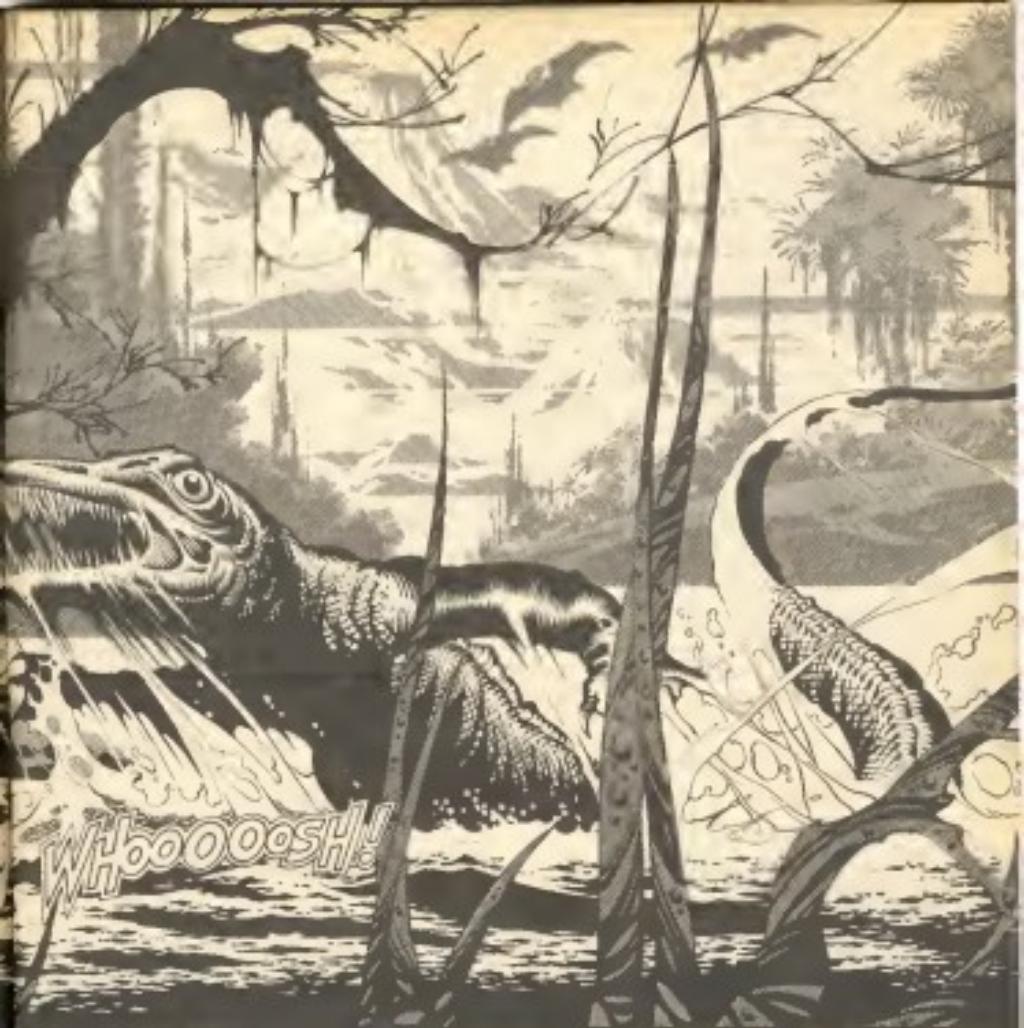
LET'S GO
FISHIN', PAL!

IT'S SOME
EXPERIENCE, ISN'T
IT, TED? IT'S JUST
OVERPOWERING...
BREATHING IN LUNGS—
FULL OF THE SAME
AIR THE DINOSAURS
BREATHED!

IT'S JUST
GREAT, DALE! BUT
WHY DOESN'T EVERY-
ONE KNOW ABOUT
TIMING CIRCLES?







WELL, IT WORKED OUT ALRIGHT AFTER ALL...

YEAH, BUT I WAS MIGHTY CLOSE...

YOU TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE KILLING THAT CREATURE!

IT WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU SURE. HOW ARE THE TEETH WOUNDS IN YOUR BACK?

HEALED! GOOD THING WE VORCHAINS HAVE MARVELOUS REGENERATIVE POWERS.

YOU STILL WANT TO SNEAK OFF FISHING IN THE BACKWATERS AGAIN... SAY, NEXT MONTH?

YOU BET! AND SINCE WE PROVED THAT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WILL HAPPEN, CAN I BRING OUR CATCH HOME NEXT TIME?

WELL, SON, I PERSONALLY DON'T SEE WHAT IT WOULD HURT... AFTER ALL...

TIME CIRCLES INC.

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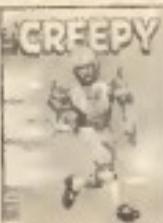
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feature let expressive
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and will have
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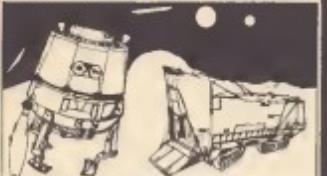


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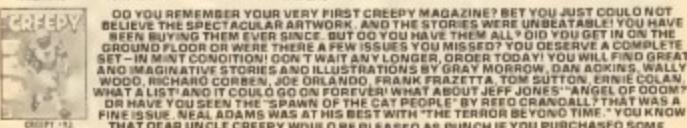
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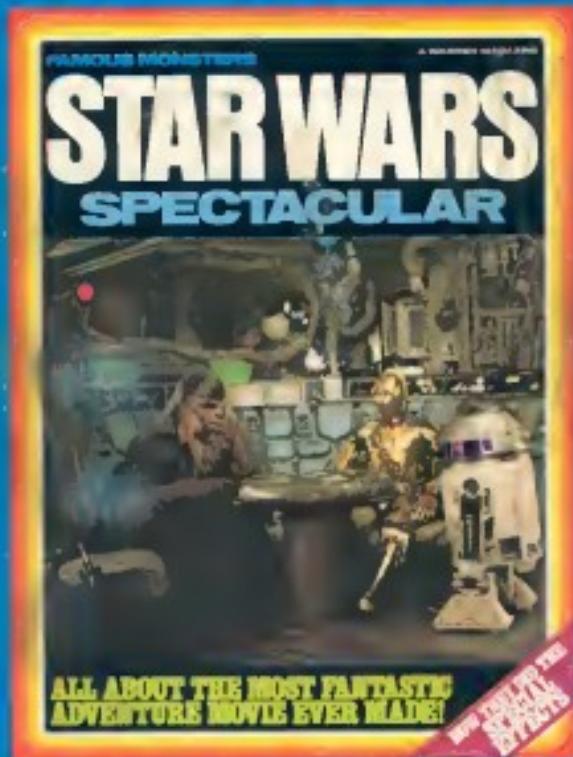


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